She blushed, and hung her head, and then, Repentant, I stood to hear my doom—
Unbroken silence filled the room—
The wind rattled the door,
The raindrops pattered 'gainst the pane
And clattered on the sloping roof,
And still the coyly stood aloof,
Her eyes bent on the floor—
When, to relieve her bashful pain,
I stooped, and kissed once more.

"Oh! don't!" she cried, in sweet affright,
But ne'er withdrew her soft, fair hand.
The softest and fairest in the land.
Which I clasped so tight,
I felt it throb and tremble, and
I feel its impress now: and this
To me was the extreme of bliss, And such glad delight
As man ne'er felt before, I wis,
That again I stooped, and into the night
Bore away another kiss!

MARIA SAXONBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD. AUTROR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE MYSTERY," "THE EARL'S HERR,"
"THE CHANNINGS, "A LIFE'S
SECRET," &c., &c.

Concluded.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DOUBLE INQUEST.

Monday morning brought all the bustle of the double inquest. It was held at a public house in the village. The proceedings in Mr. Louth's case were soon over, and then came on Mr. Janson's. The woman servant spoke to the finding of the body: the doctors, to the cause of death—the unfortunate blow behind the ear. Mrs. Yorke, looking white as a sheet, trembling inwardly and outwardly, told of Mr. Janson's vinit to be the finding of the server of the unfortunate blow behind the ear. Mrs. Yorke, looking white as a sheet, trembling inwardly and outwardly, told of Mr. Janson's vinit to be the finding of the broken when the same of the bureau. Let it pass; there is no time to waste words. Henceforward I am not your wife, Mr. Yorke; no, nor your friend, but your deadly enemy. But for the name my children bear, I would deliver you up to justice. The same place can no longer held us both, and you must leave this."

"Not at your bidding," returned Mr. Yorke. "I have business in London, and shall proceed thither to-day."

"Go where you will, stay where you

Yorke, fooking white as a sheet, trembling inwardly and outwardly, told of Mr Janson's visit to her that afternoon; and Mr. Yorke's butter was called to prove the hour of his departure from the cottage.—It was striking five by the hall clock, he said, as he let Mr Janson out. At the conclusion of Mrs. Yorke's testimony, she was conducted to her carriage, which was in waiting, and driven home.

Next came Henry Yorke. He had seen the bustle round Mr. Janson's door in passing through the village that night, he said, and heard that Mr. Janson was murdered, and had told the news when he got home to Alnwick Cottage. Miss Hardisty corroborated it. She was present with Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, when Henry Yorke entered and mentioned it. Squire Hipgrave observed to Miss Hardisty, that she had not spoken of this the following morning:

"I have business in London, and shall proceed thither to-day."

"Go where you will, stay where you will, so that it be not England," he impetuously rejoined. "You may enjoy the half of your property for your life, the remainder must be secured to me. Without my children, I would not touch a stiver of it, but they must be properly reared."

Upon my word, Marta you carry 'hings with a high hand."

"I do," she answered, beginning to tremble. "You have put yourself into my power, and I must make my own terms. If ever you attempt to inhabit the same house with me and your children, again, I shall have no resource but to proclaim the truth."

"You talk coolly of separation! Some wives would feel a pang at parting with their husbands."

She burst into tears. Until that dreadshe bad said it was Mr. Yorke who first spoke about Janson. It was not impossible, Miss Hardisty equably answered; what with the double murder, the horror abject terror, shame, misery; you have of the affair, and the mixed-up reports, her mind was in a mass of confusion. Mr. Yorke was next called. He confirmed Henry Yorke's assertion as to his bringing the news of Mr. Janson's murder, and added, that he supposed it related to the murder spoken of by Crane the gardener. Hence the confusion and mistake.

"Do you know you have greatly relieved all our minds?" cried Squire Hipgrave, linking his arm within Mr. Yorke's, as they, and several more gentlemen, came forth at the conclusion of the inquiry .-"It was so singular a thing that you, or Crane-whichever it might have beenshould know of the murder, in that strange way, without being able to say whence you heard of it. In short, I may say, a suspleious thing.

"The fact is this," said Mr. Yorke, confidentially, "though I did not choose to proclaim it before the coroner, I was halfseas over that night, and had a somewhat confused remembrance of what passed.— Your good salt beef at luncheon, Squire, made me drink like a fish; and, not satisfied with that, I must make my dinner, in the evening, chiefly of drink, for my apis not a topic to frighten women with,—
and after dinner I dropped asleep. Next
came in Finch with her tale, which, as the
woman truly says, I heard and did

marriage has been productive of nothing
else, it had brought out my love for you.
No, touch me not," she cried, retreating,
as he would have taken her hand. "It
is ended, and you have have the with the history of Mr. Janson's murder, is red. What more natural than that I-in the state I was-confounded the one with the other, and assumed that both accounts related to the same—to Janson? Thus it happened. And had it not been for Miss Hardisty and Henry Yorke, who, when you and Crane left on Friday morning, be-I should have persisted in my own story

Well, any way, I am glad it is cleared "That's an intelligent youth, that relation of yours," said Mr. Maskell. "How well he

gave his testimony to-day!"
"A superior lad," remarked Mr. Yorke "Is it quite certain that the murderers of Louth and poor Janson were not the

"I don't see that it was possible. the same gang they may have been, but the same individuals, no. A very dis-agreeable thing for Mrs. Yorke to have been obliged to attend the inquest," ad-ded Mr. Maskell. "But, you see, she was the last person, so far as we have

heard, who saw Janson alive." "Yes: no wonder she was nervous There is some idea afloat of Janson's here subscribing together, and offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderers, is there not?" continued

Mr. Yorke. "We were talking of it," replied Squir

should wish to contribute my share, said Mr. Yorke, "The sooner the murderers are discovered, the more satisfac-tory it will be for the neighborhood. Shameful so to upset a peaceful commu-nity! It has had such an effect upon my household, especially on Mrs. Yorke, that I do not think we shall remain: I tell them that because two men were killed in one night, it is no reason for supposing they are going to be killed; der myseli but their fears are arroused, and I can children."

THE HARTFORD HERAL

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 24, 1875. VOL. 1.

make no impression. However, stop or go, I will be one of the first to join in of-fering a reward. Mr. Maskell, have the goodness to put my name down for —
What sum are the rest going to contribute? broke off Mr. Yorke.

"We are thinking of five pounds each.

"We are thinking of five pounds each.
There will be ten of us, or so, which will
bring it up to fifty pounds."
"Fifty pounds!" somewhat contemptuously ejaculated Mr. York. "I do not
think that sum will do much good."
"Shall I add your name, sir?" asked

Mr. Maskell. "Yes. For a thousand pounds!" The reply was spoken quietly, but those around were startled at the magnitude of the sum. What had Edward Janson been to Mr. Yorke that he should offer

"I would freely give it to bring the murderer to light," resumed Mr. Yorke, as if he had divined their thoughts.

Mr. Yorke went home. Mrs. Yorke was alone in the drawing-room as he en-

tered, and she motioned to him to close the door. "Now," said she, "what is to be your course?"
"My course!" repeated Mr. Yorke, with "Spare me from entering into details," she said. "It is enough for me to sny, that I know who was the destroyer of

"You do not," rejoined Mr. Yorke "He is known to me, to Olivia Hardisty, and to Henry. Their testimony of this day might prove it to you. I have this day might prove it to you. I have seen the proofs of the crime."

"The proofs!" repeated Mr. Yorke.
"Yes," she answered, looking down 'The washed out clothes and the broken

A very angry expression escaped his Who has dared to become a spy

entailed infamy on your children "Softly, if you please. I have not done

She lifted her hand with a massionate gesture, as if she demanded silence. Saxonbury must be mine," she said, after a pause. "It is well that my father's grandchildren should be reared in it." "Quite well. Will you go back to it at once, or wait here until the end of the

term the cottage was taken for?" She doubted his good faith, he spoke so readily, "I will go back to it," she answered. "But I can make all these arrangements for myself when you have dren before you start; a farewell that must

ast forever "About the 'forever' we shall see," replied Mr. Yorke, speaking with some irony. "You speak coolly, I say, of sepa ration. Possibly it is what you have been contemplating?"

"Until now, the separating from you would have been the greatest grievance that life could have brought," she wailed "I had grown to love you. Yes, Arthur, let me say it in this our last hour, if our when I went in, I did not speak of what marriage has been productive of nothing woman truly says, I heard, and did not contradict; and next came in Henry Yorke touch so much as my hand again. Yours

> His wife, whom he had so loved! The signs of deep emotion-emotion which she could not understand-arose to Mr. Yorke's countenance. Wasit a feeling that he had no resource but to become an exile, out of regard to his own hoped-for safety? Had the awful fact already stamped itself on his brain, that a murderer is not safe, go where he will? that the wings of pursuit seem flying after him forever? But for that wretched, premature avowal, suspicion would not have pointed to him? What madness posseed him to make it,

"I have offered a thousand pounds for the discovery of the murderer," said he in a cold hard tone to Maria.

She lifted her hands again, as if she would beat these mocking words off. He went up to her.

"One kiss, Maria, before I go." And, in spite of her resistance, of her shrinking dread of being embraced by one who had become so great a criminal, Mr. Yorke, in his strength, folded her face to his, and kissed it pasionately.

He left the house at dusk, to become a

fugitive, as his wife verily believed, on the ace of the earth. She had fallen on a chair after she had watched him away. The excitement which had buoyed her up throughout the day was subsiding now. The sharers in the fatal secret—Miss Hardisty and Henry—hastened to her. They also had been watching the depar-

"He is gone forever," she murmured to them. "I pray you let this dreadful thing sink into oblivion, Henry, you are but

a boy. Are you sure of yourself?'.
"Maria, if I were not sure of myself, should never have undertaken to save him," whispered the lad. "Rather than betray Yorke, I would say I did the murder myself; for the sake of you and the CHAPTER XVI.

FEVER. Mrs. Yorke's intention had been to leave Alnwick Cottage forthwith for Saxonbury. The very neighborhood had become hateful to her. If she could have left it the night that witnessed the departure of Mr. Yorke, she would have done

so. Preparations, however, had to be made, orders given, notice to people in Offord to send in their acounts, notice to be given to Saxonbury of their arrival. Maria would have left all arrangements undone, have confided to an agent the settling of affairs, but that she feared her hasty removal following that of Mr. Yorke's might excite suspicion. Terrible fears were at work within her.

And, what with the years to come, and the horror she had passed through; what with the awful ending to her love and her wedded life, for she really had grown to love and esteem her husband; before those preparations were completed, and the day of departure had come, Maria Yorke was stricken with fever. Almost a brain fe

It was all Olivia Hardisty's care to keep people from the room. She knew not what Maria might give vent to in her ravings Constituting herself chief nurse, she barred the door to all save the doctors and Finch. Finoh had to be admitted occasionally, there was no help for it—the doctors of course. No longer Mr. Janson. He, poor fellow, would never more attend any; never more, never more. The gentleman who had temporarily taken charge of his pa-tients came to Mrs. Yorke, with a physician from a distance. They could not think what could have brought on brain

fever.

Neither could Finch. Finch, who was given to talk incessantly, faithful servant though she was, did not cease expressing her wonder to Miss Hardisty. And Finch could make nothing of the ravings.

"She seems to be forever mixing Mr.

Janson and master up together, as if they were having a perpetual quarrel. It's old that that should run in her mind." "It would be very odd if her thoughts "It would be very odd if her thoughts did not run on Mr. Janson, considering the circumstances," returned Miss Hardisty, with composure. "Poor Mr. Janson went straight out from her presence to his murder, as may be said, and she had to give the evidence that she did. I do wonder whether the thousand pounds' reward, oftend he Mr. Vocke will being anything.

fered by Mr. Yorke, will bring anything to light?"
"It's to be hoped it will," said Finch. "I'd lay another thousand, if I had it, that it was some of the same gang. Wouldn't you, ma'am? They are all returned con-victs, it is said."

Miss Hardisty coughed. "Those re turned convicts are, many of them, dread-ful men, standing at nothing."
"What's the oddest thing to me of it

all," cried Finch, "is, that master does not come. A fortnight to-morrow since my mistress was taken ill, and he has never "He does not know of it," said Miss Hardisty, in her imperturbable manner. With his wife in this insensible state,

deemed it useless to write to him "I should write now if I knew where he was," said Finch, independently. "But I when he left here. His things were di-

Maria survived the disease, and began slowly to improve. Olivia Hardisty, when the danger was over, wrote to Mr. Yorke to tell him of her illness, addressing the letter to his bankers in London. Just a few lines, telling of the bare fact—she had been in danger, but was going on to recov-

Partial recovery came more speedily than they could have hoped. But with the recovery of body, all the distress of mind returned. "Take me from here," implored the in

valid of Miss Hardisty, the first day she sat up. "I cannot bear it. I seem to see the murder in every corner." "You shall go, my dear, as soon as ever

you are strong enough to bear the jourwas the soothing answer. A few more days, and she was able to move into a sitting-room. Orders were given for their departure on the next day

but one. "It might be to-morrow," pleaded Ma-ria, her wan face, beautiful in its attenua-

tion, looking eagerly up from the pillows of her fantegil. We may not risk a second illness for

Maria," was the reply of Miss Har-. "Thursday will be the very earliest day that you must venture." Maria sighed She was feverishly ea-ger to get away from Offord; to get back

to Saxonbury; but a conviction every now and then arose in her heart that Saxonoury might prove even less tolerable. Her whole life-and she saw it-must be one of ceaseless terror, there could be no rest anywhere. Lady Saxonbury had been ill herself, and could not come to her in this illness. Maria was glad to be spared her presence: she seemed to turn with a sick eeling of despair from all whom she had "Squire Hipgrave's asking for you ma'-

am," said Charlotte, putting her head in-side the room door and addressing Miss Hardisty. "He's in the drawing-room." Hardisty. "He's in the drawing-room."
Miss Hardisty rose, folded her work together, and descended, not acknowledging to herself that she felt glad to escape the nonotony of the sick-room. Squire Hip-

grave was standing at the window, look-"Good morning," said he, turning to shake hands. "Mrs. Yorke's better I find. Will she be well enough to hear the news' We have caught the murderer of Mr. Jan-

A mist came over Olivia Hardisty's sight She felt her way to a chair. Did Squire Hipgrave mean the real murderer? thought I'd come and tell you the first thing," continued the squire. "There's not a doubt that Yorke's thousand pounds

has unearthed the fellow. Miss Hardisty began to inquire into par-ticulars: but she felt that her voice sounded sharp and shrill.

"It was the man, King, who had been seen with the other two in the afternoon While the two watched for young Louth King thought he'd do a little business on his own account, and attacked Mr. Janson. He has been in hiding ever since."
"How is it known?" asked Miss Hardis

ty, feeling that it was not King.
"One of the gang, attracted by the reward, has come forward to betray him.— Quite a lad, the informer is, not more than sixteen. He has disclosed both the man's

nly on the confession of this lad? "That's all."

Miss Hardisty shook her head, leaving the squire to infer that she accepted his news, as he rose to depart. She did not say that she knew too much of the guilt of another, to believe him. another, to believe him.

Offord was up in arms, when the man, King, was brought in for his examination before the magistrate. That proceeding

took place subsequent to Squire Hipgrave's interview with Miss Hardisty.

The informer's testimony was to the following effect: That King had come home to the hiding-place of the gang in a des-perate fright. He accounted for it by saying that Cook and Barnell (the two men taken) had planned an attack on young Louth, and that meanwhile he, King, went back to the village and set on to watch for Janson. He had heard that Janson often carried a good bit of money about him, received as fees. King stole into Janson's garden, and there en used. In less than a quarter of an hour Janson came in, and he, King, attacked him. He struck him down, he believed that he killed him; and he was in the act of rifling his pockets when somebody came up to interrupt. He, King, attacked the fresh comer; but there he had his match. A scuille ensued, and the stranger's gur was broken in it; and he, King, finding he was getting the worst, got away, and made the best of his road home, arriving there in his fright. He had not intended to kill Janson, far from it; only to disable him while he eased him of his money. Neither had theother two thought to kill Louth, and that gentleman's powerful resistance

had led to the evil. Such was the testimony given by the Such was the testimony given by the approver, and there could be little doubt that such were the facts. Indeed, before that day came to an end, the facts were proved, by the confession of King. Prostrated by his capture, and especially by the treachery of his comrade, he appeared completely to lose heart and spirit. In a reckless, despairing tone, he said to the police that he might as well make a clean breast of it, and he described the circumstances more minutely than the informations. tances more minutely than the informer had done. He could not make it out, he said, how it was that Janson had died so casily; but he knew blows under the left ear had turned out awkward, before now. When asked who it was that came to the interruption. King replied that he did not know. It was a tall, strong man, dressed,

so far as be could see for the fog, in a sporting suit; his tongue that of a gentleman. Olivia Hardisty shook with fear, had shaken ever since the man was captured. That King was the real murderer, she never believed: she had too much cause to attribute the crime to another. But a very confused account of the examination had been carried to Alnwick Cottage.

"Do not aquaint Mrs. Yorke with this unpleasant stir about the murder," Miss Hardisty said to Finch. "She is not in a state for such excitement." rather a pleasant divertisement to her mistress, to hear that there was some chance of Mr. Janson's murder being

CHAPTER XVII.

avenged.

TALE FOR THE CHRISTMAS DESSERT-TABLE On Thursday morning they were up betimes at Alnwick Cottage. Mid-day was to witness their departure from it. Even Mrs. Yorke was in the sitting room by ten o'clock. It was a room adjoining her bed room. Finch shook up the pillows of her easy-chair, and drew it near the window. The day was bright for winter, the landscape lovely. "Is everything packed?" asked Mrs.

"All'sready " replied Finch. "I have nothing to do between now and the time

Perhaps it was because she had nothing to do that Finch judged it well to improve the time by telling her mistress of the capture of King, and his confession. "The man is took, and has con-fessed." she said. "He admits having stopped inside Mr. Janson's garden, and

Maria held a handkerchif to her face to hide the terror that settled there. "Who is it that was taken?" she gasped

"The man King, ma'am; one of that dreadful gang. It was thought that he did it from the first." "Send Miss Hardisty to me," murmur

ed Maria Miss Hardisty came. She told Mrs. Yorke the tale, so far as she knew it Suddenly, in the midst of telling it, she gave a startled shrick: for there stood Mr.

Yorke, inside the room door. He looked as if he had come off a jour ney. He had a great-coat on his arm and was unwinding a warm cravat from his neck. Laying them on a chair, he advanced and stood before his wife.

"Are you satisfied now, Maria?" What was she to believe? guilty or not guilty. She looked up, a strangely yearning look on her white face her thin hands clasped before her. Miss Hardisty, in her impulsive eagerness, laid hold of the arm of Mr. Yorke.

"Were you not guilty?"
"No!" he burst forth, a haughty flush dyeing his forehead. "I was the one who interrupted the wretched murderer at his work-as he has now confessed. Leave me a few minutes alone with my wife,

will you, Miss Hardisty?" Miss Hardisty, walking quite humbly from her sudden conviction of his truth and their own mistake, crossed the room and descended the stairs. Mr. Yorke, as before, stood in front of his wife, upright, his arms folded, and looking down at her. ', Which is true, Arthur?" she gasped.

"Need you ask?" was his rejoinder, spoken sternly.
"But why did you not tell me at the

"Before I reply to that question, will you answer me one? If I had told you, if I had gone so far as to swear to my own nnocence, would-you have believed me?" No: she felt that she should not then "I saw that all the assertion I could son back to life, Maria, I would freely give have made on my own part would not

crime and his hiding place. They are not proof against money, these rogues—would sell their comrades for it, if the bribe's a high one."

"Was he seen to murder him?" inquired Miss Hardisty.

"No. I suppose not. I have heard nothing of that."

"Then, in point of fact, the guilt rests only on the confession of this lad?"

"Shall you speak abroad, now, of what you saw of the murder?"

"No. It would answer no end, for I could in offered a high reward. I placed the matter in the hands of the London detective police When I left here, and you so pleasantly consigned me to a perpetual exile, my journey was direct to Scotland Yard. But that circumstances did favor your yiew, ging to your heart Maria." that circumstances did favor your view, Maria, I might have felt inclined to take

Finch, however, judged differently, and I had seen anything of the murder, to Finch was one who liked to exercise her be entirely silent upon that point. For own will. She judged that it would be one thing, Maria—and I have felt ashamed of myself ever since-I was the worse for drink that evening. In my sober senses I should probably have acted very differ ently throughout; but I was not in ber senses. I had drunk a good deal at Squire Hipgrave's, he had two or three hard drinkers at his luncheon-table that day, hearty sportmen, and I drank with the rest. Again, while I was waiting for Janson, near his house, I turned into a public-house and drank more-brandy and water. You must have seen that

had taken too much."

"Yes," she answered. "Afterwards there came that unhappy suspicion, through my having mixed up the one murder with the other. That suspicion did attach to me, I could not help seeing, and I was really thankful to Olivia Hardisty, and to Henry Yorke, for belping me to a way out of it. To have tardily confessed, then, to what I had seen would never have done; it might only have brought suspicion more tangibly up-on me. People would have asked what brought me in Jansons's garden.

"Arthur," she said, raising her white face, "you might have confessed to us at "With what chance of receiving cred

It was the old question. An un factory one now.
"I judged it better to bide my time," said Mr. Yorke. "We will have Henry to spend Christmas with us, and make i

a Christmas tale for after dinner. I'll give it them at dessert. I suppose I may come to Saxonbury again?"

She was crying softly and silently, happy tears now. Mr. Yorke held her closer, and bent to kiss them away. "I think you have saved my life, Arthur," she

"You were going to Saxonbury to-day, Yes; by the mid-day train.

"But I perceive you are not fit to trav Shall we stay on here a few days, and see a little more of this strange drama played out?" "Oh yes, if you please," she readily an-ered. "All the places in the world seem

glad to me now. I have had brain fever. Arthur." "I know you have. I had a bulletin up

daily of your progress."
"From whom?" she inquired, in surprise "From the physician. Had he warned ne of danger, I should have hastened to you. He thought I was detained in town law business, and could not leave .-Maria," he more gravely added, "never you doubt my care and love again "I have never doubted them," she

plied. "I — Arthur," she broke off, ga-zing at him carnestly, "it is I who ought to enjoin that. The cloud fell on your mind, not on mine. Has it gone away?"
"It has. I believe I was wrong, Maria. At any rate, it can never now re-

"Thank God!" she murmured. "Quite

"Quite gone," repeated Mr. Yorke, reearding the remark as a question. other thousand pounds would bring JanSUBSCRIPTION RATES

NO. 8

ging to your heart, Maria."

AN INQUISITIVE CUSS.

"Tim Various" Bothered About Tax Re-ceipts and Taxes Seeks Information.

RACCOON HOLLER, Some time in February, 1875, but don't exactly know the day.

MISTER EDITOR:—Al see you her got to making a paper in Hartlord. You sent me one last week which sorter made me

in London of the Control of Section of York (Section of York) and the Section of York (Section of York) and the Section of York (Section of York) and York (Section of York (Section of York) and York (Section of

broken ties, of friendship, and of sad, aching hearts. Other lines there are; He sed some of em in this county paid two or three hundred dollars a year.— Well, thet surprised me. Ses I, where does it all go to? Ses he. (and he looked a little sorter canning.) "where the wood-bine twineth." See I, where's thet? Ses hine twineth." See I, where's thete Ses he, thet will take a smart man to tell, but es you are goin to take the Hanroom Hanath you might git the Ecitor to ask Judge Gregory about it, and put it in the paper. See I, thet's the very idee, and, you'see, I was so taken with it, thet is, the idee thet I could not wait till I come down to see Haynes' recent visit to Hartford, we clip you, but sot right down to write to you

Dam, our point on the road, five miles from Hartford, which place we reached Now, Mr. Editor, I'm in terrible carnabout dark, on horseback, covered with est about thet tax business, and ever sence mud. This town is one of the oldest in the Sheriff come so near takin our cow, I Kentucky, and has ever been famous as the Sheriff come so hear takin our cow, I can't think of anything else, hardly. Eff you could jest find out and put in your guished gentlemen, and beautiful and accomplished ladies. In neither respect, guished gentlemen, and beautiful and accomplished ladies. In naither respect, is the place losing caste. Yet they say there "Hartford is not what it has been many of her bright lights have faded, the gallant young men and winsome ladies have mostly married and gone." Now we are of the opinion that Hartford was never better supplied in these regard, than at the present time. We would mention their names, but space forbids.

The most prominent among the features of enterprise are the newspaper and schools. That these have become fixtures mention their names, but space forbids.

The most prominent among the features of enterprise are the newspaper and schools. That these have become fixtures allock on his face, and see, thet's better a I expected; and, see he, of you'd only take to leave the second soon rite a letter and the Editor, wood put it a lew lessons, you cood soon rite a letter thet your frend, the Editor, wood put in his paper. Thet's settled. I'm goin to take them lessons. Now Mr. Editor, I've got to go to work paper that is growing more rapidly and deservedly too, into public favor, than the "Hartford Herald." But there is one thing which reflects liscreditably upon the whole town; it is

for Uncle Charley, for I expect that Sheriff will soon be here agin to sell me that tax receipt, and I must be reddy fur him Rite soon to your friend,

TIM VALIDUS. RAISING HOPES TO CRUSH THEM .- He is a solemn-looking boy about ten years of age, and he wears a long face as he drops into the coroner's office and re-

upon to marry a couple on Front street east, and he was asking the bride-groom: "You promise to love, cherish," ect., when "Shocking murder wasn't it?"
"What! What's that?" exclaimed the

about this thing. Does that mean that I've got to take care of her whole family, "Where when! what street?" His honor explained, and the young "Well, go ahead. I only wanted to

know how much of the family I was mar-rying." - Detroit Free Press. WHERE WAS IT .- A boy aged about

sixteen stepped into a Griswold street bar-ber-shop Saturday and took a seat with the remark "I guess I'll have this mustache shaved

the absence of pavements, which makes it almost impossible for ladies or gentle-

men to appear with any pleasure to them-selves upon the streets. When we again visit the place, it will be when the mud

The other day Justice Potter was cailed

"See here! I want a fair understanding

the young man blurted out:

has dried up.

or only herself?"

nan continued:

which tell of sorrow too deep for utterance
—sorrows which are denied even the con-

OUR TOWN.

en by the Editor of the Gre County Herald.

From an article descriptive of Bro.

One hour's travel brought us to Beaver

olation of human sympathy.

the following paragraphs:

The barber took out the apron, sharpened his razor, mixed the lather and as he stood beside the chair he said: "Well, I'm ready any time you can tell Press.

market

"Chopped her head clean off," contin-

"And she was a perfect lady," adds the "Come on; half a dollar; other corner, call a back!" called the coroner, getting

into his overcoat. "I was speaking of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France in 1793—regular put up job," demurely replies the lad! "If you want to read the particulars of the case I'll fetch over the book,"

The coroner sits down and contemplates the steaming end of the stick of cordwood protruding from the stove, and the clock on the desk gors ahead with its labor of ticking time into eternity .- Detroit Free

A school in Vermont is presided over A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were, "First de right arm, den de left, and den give one general conwultion."

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